NEW YORK JOURNAL
AND ADVERTISER.
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102 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, TUESDAY, MAY 25, 1897.

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Threatening, with occasional showers and probably clearing in the afternoon; cooler; northerly winds.

AN "OPPORTUNIST ADMINISTRATION."

According to a Democratic Senator, President McKinley is an opportunist on the Cuban question. "He does not take a broad view of the situation. He has no plan for anything but to-day. From the admissions of his friends, he had exhausted his programme when he sent to the Congress his message asking for relief for the distressed Americans in Cuba."

This is a noble position for a President of the United States, but it is one that is not rendered incredible by anything in Mr. McKinley's career. The President has never given evidence of the possession of very firm convictions on anything but the tariff question, and in the Cuban matter he is certainly not likely to be braced very stiffly by his chief adviser, the wobbly Mr. Sherman. It is better for the country, however, that we should have an opportunist President, waiting for something to turn up and ready to be swayed by public opinion, than one immovably set with his face in the wrong direction, and heedless alike of facts, arguments and popular desires.

Opportunism in the case of the McKinley Administration is likely to lead before long to action in favor of Cuba.

A LESSON OF THE SEARLES CASE.

The issue in the contempt case against the sugar magnates Searles and Havemeyer is not to be confounded with that which arose in the case against Chapman. Effort will be made by the apologists for the monopolists to establish the identity of the two issues, but they differ in fact greatly in their comparative gravity.

Chapman now lies in jail because he refused to tell what, if any, Senators speculated in Sugar Trust certificates through him while the sugar schedule of the Wilson bill was in process of formulation. For his offence the statute provided a certain penalty which he is now undergoing. His conviction was proper; his pardon—so strenuously urged upon President McKinley—would have been highly improper. There is much sympathy for him, yet chiefly, we think, of a mistaken and indefensible sort. Many well meaning people look upon the broker as having acted according to the plain dictates of honor in not betraying his customers. But if—as even the sympathizers with Chapman are generally agreed—speculation by men engaged in lawmaking is a dishonorable betrayal of the interests committed by the public to them, Chapman's protection of the offenders can be defended neither from the standpoint of honor nor of patriotism.

But in the case of the accused now about to be brought to book there can be no confusion of judgment. The information sought by the committee, which they refused, was whether their corporation, the Sugar Trust, made contributions to political campaign funds expecting political favors in return. The issue which was raised by this pertinent and searching question is one of the very gravest importance. Money year by year becomes more of a power in our politics. The alliance between corporations and the officials in power becomes year by year closer. In return for lavish contributions to campaign funds, corporations are permitted to effect nominations, to control officials, and to demand as of right special favors from the lawmaking bodies of the nation and of the State. These are matters of common notoriety, and the silence of Searles and Havemeyer when pressed for confession of their part in debauching the public agencies only intensifies the general belief.

Out of the agitation which should spring from the appearance of these two corporation magnates before a court, charged with concealing their own insidious attack on the integrity of the Senate, there should proceed effective legislation to prohibit all contributions from corporations for political ends. The spectacle of Mark Hanna and his inexhaustible barrel ought never again to appear in an American Presidential campaign. Insurance companies should be estopped from providing a Gubernatorial candidate with the sinews of war and then selecting his Superintendent of Insurance. Street railways should find no encouragement to hope that their contributions to a corruption fund will be rewarded by the appointment of a complaisant Corporation Counsel or a kindly Commissioner of Streets.

The civil service reformers have largely done away with the evil of the office broking system in politics, but its place has been more threateningly filled by the substitution of money as an incentive to political action. The new evil is worse than the old, but could be as successfully combated if the class of men engaged in the warfare against the spoils system would re-enlist in the war against wholesale bribery and corruption.

A CLERICAL VIEW OF PROFANITY.

The Rev. F. M. Goodchild, pastor of the Central Baptist Church, very properly abhors the vice of profanity, but in his sermon on Sunday evening he allowed the ardor of his indignation to carry him beyond the bounds of strict accuracy. He asserted that Americans were the profanest people in the world. "The men swear," he declared, "the women swear, and children with the lisp hardly out of their speech swear."

There are vices and vices. One vice to which the clerical profession is peculiarly subject is that of exaggeration, and Mr. Goodchild is notably afflicted in that direction. Americans are far from being the profanest people in the world. They are not known throughout Europe, as Englishmen are, as "Goddams." They have not the luxuriant wealth of objurgation that distinguishes the language of Don Quixote. They would be at a disadvantage in the copiousness, if not in picturesqueness, of their profanity as compared with French, German or Italian adversaries. As to the assertion that "the women swear" in this country, the thing is preposterous. If there is one thing more than another for which American women are noted—we might say notorious—it is their squeamishness of speech. The French lady exclaims "Mon Dieu!" without a tremor; the German lady innocently accentuates her remarks with "Mein Gott!" the Italian lady thinks nothing of "Dio mio!" but the American lady would catch her breath before she ventured on "My God!"

A pardonable unfamiliarity with his subject led Mr. Goodchild a little astray when he observed:

Swearing is the most useless of sins. Lying, stealing and adultery bring some temporary advantage or pleasure, but swearing gives nothing. It is a vulgar sin. Lord Chesterfield said that a gentleman never swears.

It is hardly profitable to classify sins in the order of their uselessness. All sins are useless and noxious, but no sin would be committed unless it gave at least a temporary satisfaction. We are informed by those addicted to profanity that under certain circumstances they do obtain satisfaction from this degrading vice to a very marked degree. It is said by such persons that when a man strikes his finger with a hammer he can obtain more relief from imprecation than from anything else except the consolations of religion. And when a train has been delayed under peculiarly exasperating circumstances we have known clergymen of blameless life and irreproachable conversation to seek the vicinity of men noted for the extent and ruggedness of their profanity, and listen with every appearance of appreciation to their forcibly expressed views of the situation.

Mr. Goodchild deserves encouragement in his war on the odious vice he has attacked, but he can assail it to better advantage if he will learn more about it.

MR. EDMUNDS AND THE "LABOR TRUST."

Ex-Senator Edmunds, commonly called "venerable" because he grew old in the enjoyment of well paid public offices, has taught his party a lesson in frankness by openly defending the trusts and monopolies which have been bred of a quarter of a century of Republican rule. The only form of trust which stirs his honest resentment is what he calls the "Labor Trust," or, as it is perhaps more widely known, the labor union. At the spectacle of men and women banding together for mutual co-operation against the exactions of employers, for united benevolent purposes, or to the end that the standard of their trade may be elevated, the gorge of the ex-Senator rises. "They may talk about our honest men with wives and families to support who are willing to work for one and two dollars a day, but they can't get it," says Edmunds. "Why? Because their union, or their trust, wont allow them. The standard is set for them, and if they don't wait and starve their families until they can reach that standard they can't get work anywhere."

Mr. Edmunds being a sage, a man trusted by the richest corporations with the conduct of their legal business, nobody present ventured to ask him how the standard of wages would be fixed if the workingmen did not themselves fix it and sturdily stand by it. If he will go over to the East Side of New York, look into Walhalla Hall, or make a trip through the teeming tenements, he will gain some idea of the standard of wages and the standard of living which has resulted from free competition in labor. He will find tailors, to the number of tens of thousands, reinforcing their labor unions and saying to each other, "We will starve if need be, we and our wives and our babies, but we will not return again to the practice of bidding against each other for work at starvation wages." If he will look into the conditions which have caused the tailors' strike, he will find them bred of exactly the procedure which he would substitute for that of organized labor. One family, either out of the union or indifferent to its rules, agrees to work for a certain contractor for less than the union rates. Presently that contractor underbids his fellows. They investigate, discover the cause, and meet the unfair competition by cutting down the pay of their workers. The process is repeated until the wages become barely sufficient to support the workers, nor does it always stop there, for there are not infrequently some who will work for less than a living wage, supplementing it by vicious or dishonest practices. In every badly organized trade this process goes on. The miners and iron workers of Pennsylvania, the dock laborers of our great seaports continually suffer from its effects, and check it only as they renew the bonds of their organizations, which chafe Mr. Edmunds but bring to them at least a decent livelihood. On the other hand, the best organized trades are the best paid, and contribute by the prosperity of their members to the general prosperity of the community.

Between the labor union and the trust there is precisely the difference that exists between a republic and an absolute despotism, like that of the Shah of Persia. Law exists in each, doubtless, and individuals are subject to its limitations. But the laws of the one are made for the good of all who are under its authority; the laws of the other for the prime benefit and profit of a profligate tyrant and those who help to collect his booty and share in it.

A MISSIONARY FROM CHINA.

The unhappy effects of a long life in a barbarous country, remote from the refining influences of Christian surroundings and deprived of daily intercourse with intelligent and civilized men, were never more strikingly illustrated than in the remarkable case of the Rev. W. H. Cossum reported in yesterday's Evening Journal. Mr. Cossum is a missionary to China, presumably of the Baptist faith, for he sat yesterday in the meeting of the American Baptist Missions at Pittsburg, and threw that company into a turmoil by remarking of a recent donor of $250,000:

When John D. Rockefeller or any other man offers money we should first demand of him that he lead a holy life before we accept his contributions. We should be sure that the money coming from millionaires comes from men who lead consecrated lives. The Church in China can carry on its work without money from home. The Church can live on native soil in China because the life of the spirit is there.

Another gentleman, the Rev. J. S. Kennard, of Chicago, was engaged in amplifying Mr. Cossum's reference to "holy lives" when a more prudent member interposed with a motion to adjourn, and the $250,000 benefaction was saved.

Mr. Cossum is, we believe, described as a missionary to China from the United States, but the opportunity seems ripe for him to remain here as a missionary from China. Time was never so fit as now for preaching the positive blasphemy of greedily accepting tainted money for the service of God. The corporation of which Mr. Rockefeller is the head has employed arson, theft, bribery and attempted murder in winning its predominant position as the richest, most powerful and most unscrupulous combination of capitalists in the world. Its methods have engaged the attention of Congress, the Legislatures, the courts, the sheriffs and the militia—the latter for its protection against the wrath of a despoiled people. Its path is strewn with the wrecks of homes, of little fortunes, of modest industries. It is a blight upon the nation, a menace to life and to morals. "Pious at one end and explosive at the other," as its most merciless investigator has described it, the Standard Oil Company, through its chief official, is well versed in the art of buying absolution with the wages of sin.

Mr. Cossum would do his calling honor if he would stay in the United States and press the issue he has raised. But he would be safer among the barbarians in China whom his mission it is to Christianize.

Mr. William D. Bynum, the salaried manager of the National Democratic party, is travelling through the Southern States busily engaged in organizing in opposition to the regular Democracy. Perhaps a good way to insure that renewed harmony which many gold Democrats have lately declared for would be to call Mr. Bynum off.

The determination of the Democratic Senators to debate the Tariff bill, but not to try to defeat it by mere filibustering is at once patriotism and good politics. Next to a bad tariff bill—such as the Dingley bill notoriously is—long discussion of any tariff bill is most harmful to the business of the nation.

The suggestion that "Lou" Payn, of Chatham, really ought not to try to direct the municipal politics of New York City is not without merit, but does it come with good grace from Mr. "Tom" Platt, of Tioga?"

Governor Lowndes, of Maryland, says his Senatorial candidacy against Senator Gorman is premature. True. Also it is preposterous.

Tony Drexel's Antique Effects.

PHILADELPHIA has produced many beautiful specimens of the genus chappie, but none that can exceed in attractiveness the Drexel boys.

Of course, specialists like Rittenhouse Miller, Harrison K. Caner, Charlemagne Tower, Colonel Edward de Vaux Morrell and Brook Dolan blossom as sunflowers in the garden of Quaker City dudery, but they are only local. To enjoy their glory to the full one has to go to Philadelphia.

Now, while I don't say that the sensation isn't worth the journey, it would be very much more convenient if these Pennsylvania swells would bring over their grandeur and unload it at our doors.

That is what the Drexels have done. At least Tony and Johnnie have invaded New York in Winter and Newport in Summer, and George William Childs Drexel, the third of this interesting family, is giving signs of following their example.

Philadelphia is too small for the social operations of a Drexel. He needs a wide horizon. He must sit in a high place. The world must look at him.

So it has come about that Tony and Johnnie have perched upon the pinnacle of Newport pretension and there do irritate, if they don't quite fill, the eye of the socially self-elect.

Tony has the Fairman Rogers villa and Johnnie will occupy the Kernochan cottage.

Tony was not satisfied with his Newport residence and set to work to remodel it. The result is that we shall hardly recognize the comfortable old place this Summer, with its carved gables, tower on the southwest corner, broad veranda and porte cochere.

To atone for all this newness, which will certainly be laid at his door before the season ends, Tony has gone in heavily for antique effects.

We are told that "the exterior woodwork is of oak, elaborately carved, and has been gone over with oil stain, which gives the wood an aged appearance."

This manifest attempt to counterfeit antiquity is further exhibited in the roof, which has been stained a dark green to resemble moss, and in the interior finishings. The library is in old oak, and the billiard room in cypress, so polished and stained as to look like mahogany.

There is a lot more of detail, but I have used enough to establish the point I wish to make, which is this:

Tony Drexel has learned that the glare of the brand new thing is not relished at Newport, and he is going to avoid it as far as possible. For this consideration he should receive not only thanks, but applause.

If he could apply his veneer of antiquity to certain other newcomers to Newport he would be more welcome still.

Mrs. Henry Clews has finally decided to go abroad on June 2. She will be accompanied only by her maid.

The reason for this is that Mr. Clews finds business matters too pressing to leave America just now, while Miss Elsie Clews is so wedded to her mission work in the lower part of the city and to her charities that she has elected to remain with her father.

After Mrs. Clews shall have done the Queen's jubilee to her taste—Mrs. Clews's taste, not the Queen's—she will make a tour of the French watering places before returning to New York.

Miss Ethel Morgan, whose engagement to Wilfred Chapman, a young Englishman, has just been announced, was about the prettiest girl at Newport two seasons ago.

She had just been brought out by her step-grandmother, Mrs. John A. Robinson, and her exceptional beauty and extraordinary vivacity made her a favorite at once.

Her father, W. Forbes Morgan, has resided at Pau, France, for several years. He is an unusually handsome man, with gray hair and black mustache, and his mental accomplishments are as striking as his physical appearance.

He is celebrated as a whip and has displayed his skill in coaching both here and abroad.

I know two or three chappies whose congratulations to Mr. Wilfred Chapman will be earnest and sincere. Their own hearts were touched by the spell of that charming little debutante two years ago.

Chappies who are always on the lookout for the choice flowers of paradise have it now that Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg will return to America and Meadowbrook the first week in July.

And when this fair young widow does return I am informed that there will be more than one dashing member of the Meadowbrook Hunt at the pier to meet her.

This is a chase in which the prerogatives of the M. F. H. will be vigorously contested by at least one old chappie, whose knowledge of hunters and polo ponies has made him conspicuous in that hunting set, of which Mrs. Ladenburg is the Diana.

In the ante-post betting the odds are still in favor of the M. F. H., but confidence in the dark horse is growing.

And speaking of Meadowbrook makes me hark back to the horse show at Mineola on Saturday.

One of the sights of that day that touched my cynical old heart for a moment was the spectacle of young Larry Waterbury sitting in a box and watching wistfully the exhibition of polo ponies.

This boy was one of the best of the younger polo players. He was a hard rider and a hard hitter, and the devil himself couldn't scare him.

He had his own polo ponies, and he loved them, as he loved the sport, with all his might.

But when his father failed in business and was hauled up in supplementary proceedings and humiliated by the enforced acknowledgment that even the watch he wore belonged to his wife, Larry Waterbury sold his ponies to help his dad out of a hole and gave up polo.

If I had as much money and as many horses as Tommy Hitchcock or Bill Whitney or Augie Belmont or a dozen others of that Westbury set I'd see that Larry Waterbury had polo ponies, and that the Meadow Brook polo team had the advantage of his skill and gameness.

It's a right grievous condition that the Union and Metropolitan clubs have been forced into by the operation of the Raines Liquor law.

Neither of these clubs is incorporated, and, therefore, under the law, is not entitled to sell liquor out of hours.

In other words, the two most aristocratic social organizations in New York are placed on the same plane with the corner groggery by this precious Raines law.

Speculation as to the outcome of the muddle has already assumed the proportions of a Sahara sandstorm.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

"A ROUND OF PLEASURE" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER.

"A Round of Pleasure" will please better than it did last night. But it pleased last night. Abe Hummel remained till nearly midnight to see the last of it, hardened first-nighter as he is, and Berry Wall said it was a good show.

But it will please better later on. Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger over-fed us with gorgeous color and movement and a wonderful array of pretty women, and Sydney Rosenfeld went to the other extreme. This gentleman is author of the "book" of "A Round of Pleasure." He perhaps could not be expected to compete with the scenery and costumes; certainly not with the phalanx after phalanx of comely young women that crossed and recrossed the stage, and lingered upon it, filling the eye until the ear was indifferent regarding its own existence.

Practically the only pages of Mr. Rosenfeld's book that were listened to with much attention were those occupied by the witticisms of the Rogers Brothers, who were conspicuous in the cast, but especially conspicuous in their specialty scene in the second act. It is probable that the Rogers Brothers will deny the responsibility of Mr. Rosenfeld for the success of their work—on eof the special hits of the piece.

Ludwig Englander's music is considerably better than he has done for other productions that might be named. In places it is really tuneful and fitted with an inspiring rythm. This is particularly true of the dances, which are many and usually effective. There is a "Tenderloin" trio, with a refrain which it will not be surprising to hear whistled about town before "A Round of Pleasure" has run a week. And Jerome Sykes, made up as Othello, in the Shakespearian travesty feature of the piece sings a new song by Charles Trevathan entitled "Everybody Knows My Name" that is also likely to be heard from.

Opera at the Bijou.

A suplementary season of comic opera at Summer prices was inaugurated at the Bijou Theatre last night by Max Freeman's Comic Opera Company. "Erminie" was the opera, and the audience, which filled the theatre, received it well. The cast was excellent. Miss Helen Bertram, who sang the title role, was in good voice, and was compelled to respond to several encores of the "Lullaby." Delia Stacey and Jennie Withersby came in for a good share of applause, as did also the chorus, which was well drilled and costumed.

The honors of the evening were carried off by Fred Solomon, as Caddan, and William Broderick as the rascally Ravannet. The duo succeded in keeping the audience in a whirl of merriment.

"The Alderman."

Despite the humor with which American politics is invested, no playwright of recent years has succeeded in reproducing much of it. "The Alderman," in which Odell Williams made his debut as a star at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last night, is no exception.

William Gill, its author, has worked faithfully, so faithfully, in fact, that the strained effort is patent in almost every line and every situation. The movement is forced all the way through. Spontaneity and surprise, invaluable to successful comedies, is wofully lacking.

The story is scarce worth the telling, introducing no characters that are either new or artistically treated, unless an exception be made of the central figure, Alderman McSlathers, a practical New York City politician. Even this part cannot be said to be true in its outlines, although the clever and always capable work of Odell Williams saves it in a measure.

This Alderman, in his race for Senator, receives all sorts of delegations, makes all manner of speeches and dictates letters to his pretty stenographer which would blast the prospects of a Napoleon in ward politics. The young woman, pictured as possessing far keener ideas of diplomacy than the politician himself, takes the inexplicable liberty of writing entirely different letters from those which were dictated to her, and thereby saves the day and secures the election of her employer and her father's old friend.

This tends to rob the star role of some of its glamor and fatness, but, notwithstanding the handicap, Odell Williams found in it possibilities for natural and effective work. All of the rural twang that made his voice so well known as a part of Alabama and "The Old Homestead" has disappeared in "The Alderman," and the jeans pantaloons, stuffed in boots, and the broad-brimmed slouch hat have given away to a frock coat of late cut and a sleek tile. These, with his evident versatility added, have accomplished a transformation that is almost refreshing.

The supporting company is not one to inspire much enthusiasm. Marion Abbott was conservative in portraying a wealthy widow with many of the new woman's fads, and Charles Allisen did a neat character bit as Colonel Jefferson Brace, a politician from the South. Harry Holliday also deserves to be mentioned in the same connection.

At Other Houses.

Felix Morris's debut in vaudeville was the special new feature at Keith's Union Square Theatre last night. Mr. Morris appeared in a one-act play entitled "A Game of Cards," and was well received.

"The Girl from Paris" received its two hundredth performance last night at the Herald Square Theatre. Manager E. E. Rice celebrated the occasion by distributing valuable souvenirs in the shape of handsomely mounted hand mirrors. The house was crowded.

"The Circus Girl," at Daly's Theatre, began its second month last night, drawing a large audience and providing an entertainment showing many improvements over the earlier performances. The piece seems likely to compete successfully with the best of the other Summer attractions.

"The Man from Mexico," at Hoyt's Theatre, filled that house last night, as it has for the past six weeks, with laughter lovers. "Never Again," at the Garrick, was well patronized. "Under the Red Robe," at the Empire, started out prosperously on its last week.

"The Danites," revived at the Murray Hill Theatre after an absence from this city of fifteen years, by McKee Rankin and Miss Nance O'Neill, was well patronized.

At Hammerstein's roof garden the Baroness Blanc sang a new song of her own composition, and other features, including Papinta with new mirror dances, drew a large audience.

Koster & Bial's returned to a regular vaudeville programme, of which the main feature was the American debut of M. Emile Gautier, the French equestrian. Madeline Marshall and Kitty Nelson, the Sisters Hawthorne and Merri Osborn were in the bill.

Black Patti's Troubadours began their second week at Proctor's Pleasure Palace, and at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre John W. Ransone, with topical songs, headed an entertaining bill.

Tony Pastor's Theatre was well filled with lovers of vaudeville, an excellent programme being presented. At Huber's Museum the new cooling apparatus proved a great attraction, together with a fine programme, including Minnie Schult and the kinematograph.

Manager John B. Doris late Saturday night consummated arrangements with Managers Lederer and McLellan whereby he secures the direction of the Casino roof garden for the Summer. He says he will bring the stage forward twenty feet, enlarge it and fit it adequately with scenery for a full-fledged performance. The best entertainers the country affords, with occasional importations of European novelties, and a new ballet weekly, to be devised by Sig. Franciolli, are pledged features. Potted plants, floral decorations, electric lighting and new seating are promised by Saturday night, May 29, the date announced for the opening.

A Timely Toot.

The shrewd, long-headed boniface,
With light and airy fairy grace,
Now toots, while bright dreams come apace,
His plaintive purple pipe,
And most melodiously calls
Us to his hospitable walls,
Where terrapin and codfish balls
Are blowing lush and ripe.

The boniface the welkin shakes
When with his clarion he wakes
Our souls to thoughts of batter cakes
With honey richly spread.
He chants of beet and salsify
He raises in the field hard by,
And of the palympsest of pie
With which the guest is fed.

He sings about his shining cream
Two inches thick—a rural dream—
That primes your coffee in a stream
When Phoebus gilds the lea.
Then with a mad, impassioned shriek:
"If health and happiness you seek,
For just five fleeting dolls. a week,
Oh, fly, oh, fly, to me.

"All patrons at the train I meet
And to my mountain top retreat
I haul their baggage on receipt
Of orders sent by post.
For finest fishing here's the stand,
The hunting simply beats the band,
The scenery is wildly grand—
The quail is on the toast.

"The beds are soft as softest down;
No swift mosquito cracks your crown—
I'll make you as a berry brown,
And browner pretty soon.
With thoughts of grim malaria germs
Here no one's fancy madly squirms—
On application special terms
For season, week or moon!"

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Oh, ne'er, oh, ne'er, your glasses don,
His fur-lined circular to con;
Matilda, dear, look not upon
The cabbage when it's red.
List not unto his merry lay,
Oh, go not to his farm away.
Or you'll with Mariana say:
"I would that I were dead!"

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Jake Versus Clarence.

[Atchison Globe.]

An Atchison girl who has done her share of dreaming of marrying a man named Clarence LeRoy Duval, or something like it, has undergone such a change of heart that she announces with great pride her engagement to Jake Ratschmidt.

An Intangible Quantity.

[Washington Star.]

In common with all men who suffer imprisonment when their own actions might free them, Mr. Chapman doubtless regards himself as a martyr. But the great and glorious principle for which he consents to suffer is a rather intangible quantity.

Blissful Atchison.

[Atchison Globe.]

There is a street car conductor in Atchison who knows exactly on what streets to let the young men off Sunday evenings.

The Turbulent Body.

[Washington Post.]

It may be that Mr. Hoar can be shocked to the point of withdrawing his membership from such a turbulent body.

The Jester's Chorus.

"In the case of that Boston monkey that learned to ride the bicycle"—

"Well?"

"—it must have come very easy for him."

"I don't see why."

"It was unnecessary for him to acquire the bicycle back. He already had it."—Chicago Post.

"My daughter used to sleep with her diamond rings under her pillow."

"Well, how is it now?"

"She goes to bed with her bicycle boots on."—Chicago Record.

Patron (severely)—Why don't you show me a seat?

Conductor (blandly)—We are not in the curio business.—Detroit Journal.

"When you see two men constantly together," observed the Ready-Made Philosopher, "it is safe to assume that they like each other."

Taking his cue from the Philosopher's tone, the Accomplished Listener inquired: "And how about two women?"

"In that case," responded the Philosopher, with an appreciative smile, "you may know that they're afraid of each other."—Detroit News.

"Are you sure these corsets are unbreakable?" asked the doubting customer.

"I have been wearing one myself for a year," said the saleslady, "and it ain't broke yet. And," she continued, blushing, "I am engaged."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"You don't mean to tell me dear Brother Spreadlight died from hunger? I thought that island he was assigned to was overflowing with sustenance."

"It wasn't Brother Spreadlight who was hungry; it was the natives."—Indianapolis Journal.

"The Snobleys next door have quit speaking to us."

"Do you know the reason?"

"Yes; their cook found out we hadn't taken ice all Winter."—Chicago Record.

"These stripes," sighed the convict, "make a man feel small."

The kind woman who had come into the darksome place to cheer him, smiled radiantly.

"Only think," she urged, "how much worse they would be if they ran the other way."—Detroit Journal.

"George, we will have to find a lakeside boarding house a little earlier this year."

"Why so?"

"The cook has just announced that her month's vacation will commence next week."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tebeau and Lamartine.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

When Captain Tebeau raised his hand the turbulent audience calmed down to the peaceful stillness of a sleeping child. Perhaps no finer example of the power of individual influence has been known since Lamartine checked the mob during the second French Revolution.

A Scant Privilege.

[Washington Star.]

It is now Washington's scant but cherished privilege to speak slightingly of the St. Louis baseball club.

Theatrical Item.

[Detroit Tribune.]

If the Sultan insists on that $50,000,000 indemnity, it may be necessary for the European concert to tender Greece a benefit.

Should Warn Him.

[Washington Post.]

Mr. Langtry should be magnanimous enough to bid his successor to take "keer" of himself.

Children May Look at Victoria.

LONDON, May 15.—The British press is almost overcome to-day by the "gracious" action of the Queen in deciding to review the children of all the London schools on the occasion of the diamond jubilee celebration, as she did ten years ago. The British press, further choking with suppressed emotion, announces that the first idea of this review came from the great, benevolent heart of the Prince of Wales, who "intimated to Lord Londonderry, the chairman of the London School Board, that his royal mother did not intend to leave the rising generation out of her plans, and that Her Majesty intended to give the children an opportunity of seeing her on her way up Constitution Hill when she went to Paddington, to take the train for Windsor." Of course, the admiring press goes on to say it would be a little too much after the fatigue of Jubilee Day to ask the Queen to go to Hyde Park, but she will be graciously pleased to stay and say a few words to children picked out for merit and placed in the centre of the stands erected for the jubilee celebration, and possibly to present a few prizes. There are some 750,000 children in all the London schools, and of these from 10,000 to 15,000 of the best behaved, most punctual and regular children of the metropolis can be so placed on Constitution Hill that, as the Daily Telegraph says, "they will have an opportunity of saying years after, to their children's children perhaps, that they saw the Great Victoria on her diamond jubilee."

It is obvious that the Archbishop of Canterbury was a precocious youth, and it is likewise evident that he requires discipline at the hands of the Women's Equal Rights Association. In the House of Lords yesterday, during a discussion of the report of the Committee on Parochial Church Councils, the question of women as church wardens was broached, and the Archbishop observed that his first appearance in any court of law was when, at the age of seventeen, he went before a magistrate to object to his mother being made a church warden, stating his case so successfully that a lawyer who appeared for the parishioners got up and said that from the manner in which the youth had comported himself he was evidently quite competent to discharge the duty of church warden for the lady. The Archbishop's statement was received with approbatory clerical laughter, and one of the clauses of the resolution finally adopted was that elected councillors in parochial councils must be "male communicants of the Church of England of full age." It is unfortunate that the Archbishop neglected to give details of the interview with his mamma subsequent to his appearance before the magistrate at the age of seventeen for the purpose of discouraging her churchwardenly ambition.

A finished specimen of ruffian in the person of Mr. George Houlton, proprietor of a public house in one of the London suburbs, has just had meted out to him a thoroughly deserved punishment such as a British jury is frequently capable of administering. Houlton discharged a barmaid last October on suspicion of having stolen two sixpences from his till; and, when her best young man called to see her on the same day, Houlton told him the girl was not only a thief, but a person of loose morals, whereupon the lover thrashed him. Houlton caused his arrest, but he was discharged in the police court. The girl brought suit against Houlton for £250 damages, whereupon he attempted to induce some habitues of his bar to come into court and swear that her character was bad. They came into court last week, but swore to Houlton's efforts to induce them to try to ruin the girl's reputation. Houlton denied everything, and tearfully pleaded that if a verdict were brought against him it would bring him into the bankruptcy court. A verdict was brought against him however, since it was proved that he had previously had to pay £25 damages for slandering another barmaid, whom he had discharged. The result was that Houlton was yesterday summarily sold up, and the barmaid and her faithful lover were married and started on their honeymoon with the proceeds of the sale. It turned out during the trial of the case that the other barmaid whom Houlton had wrongfully accussed had subsequently married the policeman whom he had called in to arrest her.

Verestchagin, the Russian painter, who has just left London for Moscow, turned the tables rather neatly on an interviewer yesterday, who sought his opinion of Russia's attitude toward Turkey, with particular reference to the Armenian massacres. "The massacres," said the great artist, "are, of course, frightful, and we ought to provide against them. But tell me frankly, what other State, including England itself, would have allowed its population to be stirred up to revolution by secret societies, and to demand foreign protection? For example, the Government of Ireland is ideal from our point of view, yet the Irish are not content." "Yes," assented the interviewer, "but the Irish are not exactly massacred wholesale." "Perhaps not," said Verestchagin. "Still, when some years ago I went to visit Ireland with letters of introduction to many leading public men, I was obliged to come back, because they were all in prison, including the Lord Mayor of Dublin." Which was not bad for the barbarian. Verestchagin was in London to arrange for the exhibition of his latest series of paintings bearing the general title of "Napoleon I. in Russia."

It is announced to-day that Mr. Quiller Couch, the "Q" of "Splendid Spur" and other romances, has been chosen to finish "St. Ives," Robert Louis Stevenson's incomplete romance. Much difficulty was experienced in the choice of an author for this delicate and difficult office, and a council of publishers' readers sat in judgment upon the credentials of the romancists of the day. The Daily Mail says that Mr. Couch, "has studied in the school of Robert Louis Stevenson for years; he has caught much of his master's manner and of his romantic spirit, and no one is likely to demur to the selection, if it is once conceded that the tale—nearly completed as it is—should be intrusted to another's art to finish."

FRANK MARSHALL WHITE.

What Galled Him.

[Indianapolis Journal.]

"I don't think you ought to be so bitter against the president of the Busstupp Bank," said the pastor. "Remember, brother, that he lost all his own moeny, as well as some of yours."

"That is jist what riles me," said the brother with the long upper lip and the mouth that looked as if it had been made with an axe. "To think of losin' my money to a blame fool!"

Mr. Hale's Spanish Team.

[Washington Post.]

Mr. Wellington is the latest addition to Mr. Hale's Spanish team. He may be a good fielder, but he a very weak at the bat.